

stand before you today and participate in this wreathlaying ceremony to commemorate the fourth anniversary of the National Law Enforcement Officer's Memorial.

I once had the honor of watching a young man's dream come true as he graduated the police academy in Petersburg, VA, on December 7, 1986. He had dreamed of being a police officer since the age of five, and his academy graduation was one of the happiest days of his life.

Just a few years later, I watch that same young man leave the safety of his home to back up a fellow deputy with a routine burglary call. Just a few minutes later, less than a mile from his home, that young 23 year-old officer died in the line of duty. His name was Thomas Felton, Jr., a Sussex County Virginia deputy sheriff. And he was my husband.

Tom did not die as most cops expect to die. There was no hail of gunfire—no dramatic rescue—not even a highspeed car chase. There was only Tom, his patrol car, a freight train, and a terrible twist of fate that brought them all to the same place at 6:37 am on April 29, 1989. He died in an accident. He died in the line of duty.

What became evident in the days to follow his death, was just how many lives Tom had touched as hundreds of friends, family, and fellow officers came to honor his life. Reflecting on his life, they used words like Honesty, Respect, Love, and Honor. And they called him a Hero—not because of the way he died—but because of the way he lived. And they were proud to have known him—as I was.

Today, we are here to honor other officers who have made the same sacrifice in the line of duty—and we use words such as Honesty, Respect, Love, and Honor. Yes, we are here because each of these officers has given his or her life in the line of duty, but I am here to tell you that there are living words, describing the way they each lived, not the way they each died.

Today, we live in a world where "COP" has become a bad word—where law enforcement is unappreciated and where police officers are chastised because of the actions or beliefs of a few who disgrace the badge. I submit to you that these rogue cops are not a true representation of America's law enforcement officers. They are the exception, not the rule.

I ask you today to look at the names engraved in the panels that make up this memorial. Look deep into the names that line this Pathway of Remembrance. These men and women exemplify the true attributes of America's law enforcement officer—Honesty, Respect, Love, and Honor. These are the best of the best—the noblest of the noble—and Yes—law enforcement Is Still a Noble Profession!

We are here today to honor these men and women—who placed themselves along the Thin Blue Line that separate us from total chaos and lawlessness. We are here to mourn their deaths, and in doing so, we celebrate their lives.

This memorial was built for those officers whose names are engraved here. It is for those officers whose names are yet been added, such as DC Metro Officer Scott Lewis and Lynn, MASS Police Officer Gary Twyman who dies just last week. And it is for Maryland State Trooper Edward Plank, Jr. who died just two days ago.

It is for those officers who still walk that Thin Blue Line each day in America. And it is for you, the survivors—the families and friends who have also made the ultimate sacrifice—you are the Names Beyond the Wall.

For some of you here today, your grief is very new. Maybe your officer died last year, last month, last week. Just being here may

be a struggle for you and the pain may seem to be too much to bear. For others who are further into your grief, the sight of seeing your officer's name may again reopen some of those old wounds as memories flood your minds. Our reactions to this memorial are as different as our losses, but we are still the same. We are survivors. Our officers died and we are left to tell their stories.

This is our place—a place where we come to grieve, to cry, to laugh, to heal, to grow. We bring flowers—we bring letters—we make rubbings of those precious names so we can take a piece of this memorial home with us. We come to remember—and we use words such as Honesty, Respect, Love, and Honor. And we call them Heroes—not because of manners in which they each died, but because of the manners in which they each lived. And we are each better for having known them.

In closing, I would like to share a poem with you entitled "The Names Beyond the Wall."

THE NAMES BEYOND THE WALL

All for God and Country, they walked the Thin Blue Line.
With honor and with valor they lost their fight with time.
We are their survivors—the names beyond the Wall
Our loved ones lost their lives, but we have lost it all.
We are mothers; we are fathers. Brothers, sisters, children, too.
We are wives and we are husbands. We are partners wearing blue.
A gunman killed his brother—A drunk driver killed his wife
A child will miss her Daddy for the rest of her life.
A father's little girl has died—a car crash in the rain.
A widow cries for days now gone—a collision with a train.
A mother lost her son—a daughter lost her dad.
Just another day in America when good has lost to bad.
Forever and a day was stolen from our grip
And now we must forward on a long and lonely trip.
With pride they wore their badge. With glory, gave their lives.
Now names engraved upon this wall are all that's left behind.
Our pride was for their service our joy now turned to tears
the heartache that we suffer will last for many years.
We are their survivors—the names beyond the Wall
Our loved ones lost their lives, but we have lost it all.
We are mothers; we are fathers. Brothers, sisters, children, too.
We are wives and we are husbands. We are partners wearing blue.
All for God and Country, they walked the Thin Blue Line.
With honor and with valor they lost their fight with time.
Good bless you all.

THE BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, more than 3 years ago, I began these daily reports to the Senate to make a matter of record the exact Federal debt as of close of business the previous day.

As of the close of business Wednesday, November 8, the Federal debt stood at exactly \$4,984,440,555,073.81. On a per capita basis, every man, woman

and child in America owes \$18,921.02 as his or her share of the Federal debt.

It is important to recall, Mr. President, that the Senate this year missed an opportunity to implement a balanced budget amendment to the U.S. Constitution. Regrettably, the Senate failed by one vote in that first attempt to bring the Federal debt under control.

There will be another opportunity in the months ahead to approve such a Constitutional amendment.

THE DEATH OF YITZHAK RABIN

Mr. THURMOND. Mr. President, for centuries, the Middle East has been a region plagued with strife, a land where days of violence are often more common than moments of peace, and a place where tragedy is almost routine. This past weekend, when a young Jewish extremist assassinated the Prime Minister of Israel, Yitzhak Rabin, he committed an act that managed to shock a region and a world that long ago became almost numbed to the seemingly eternal struggle between Jews and Arabs and the death and loss that animosity creates.

By any standard, Yitzhak Rabin served his nation admirably. He was a patriot and a warrior who fought against the Axis powers during World War II, fought for the freedom of Israel, and fought against those who sought to destroy that nation in the years after its creation. He rose to high positions in the Israeli government, serving as Chief of Staff of the Army, Ambassador to the United States, Minister of Labor, Minister of Defense, and was in his second term as Prime Minister at the time of his death. Those accomplishments alone would have been more than sufficient to earn him the accolades of his fellow countrymen, but the journey he led his nation on for peace was one which justifiably earned him the gratitude of the world.

It surely could not have been easy for a man who dedicated much of his life to defending his homeland to sit down with the man who had spent much of his life vowing to overthrow Israel. Nor could it have been easy for Yasir Arafat to sit down with a man who represented the government that the P.L.O. blamed for oppressing the Palestinian people. Yet, these two old adversaries recognized that the time for peace in the Middle East had arrived, and that it was necessary for them to set aside their differences and to forge an agreement that would allow their two peoples to co-exist. It was a courageous decision by both men, and one for which they were strongly criticized, but as Prime Minister Rabin pointed out, you do not have to make peace with your friends.

I suppose that it is not surprising that a man who was a soldier, would die a violent death, but it is surprising that he would die at the hands of one of his own citizens, and it is perversely ironic that his death would come at a